

Charming Porto Rico



COLON PLAZA, SAN JUAN

THE patriotic American who wears the rigors of his home climate in winter wishes to seek solace farther south, it is not necessary for him to abandon the protection of his own flag. Let him pick out Porto Rico for his holiday, and he will simply be transporting himself from one section of the republic to another. Four and one-half days' sail from New York will land him at the quaint old capital city of San Juan, girdled with ancient walls, and boasting a combination of Spanish-tropical and modern American civilization of surpassing interest.

Porto Rico has been called "square as a brick," and this is literally so. It is a parallelogram in shape, 100 miles long and 35 miles broad, and on its 3,500 square miles it supports a population of 1,000,000 souls, 60,000 of them whites of Spanish extraction, 60,000 negroes, and the remainder colored people. It is one of the most densely populated islands of the West Indies, and under American rule it has progressed noticeably, both commercially and socially.

To the traveler its chief attractions, of course, are its picturesque scenery, old world customs, and luxuriant tropical vegetation. From far out at sea the voyaging American sights the towering mass of El Yunque, or "The Anvil," the crowning pinnacle of the rounded range of hills forming the island's backbone, which soars 3,600 feet above the sea. Then presently one perceives the bulk of old Morro—every fortified Spanish town in the Caribbean had its Morro, as one soon discovers—with the multi-colored house roofs of the city shelving up behind it, tier on tier, and stretching away along the seaward face the crenellated wall built by Spanish Conquistadors, which connects with the fortress of San Cristobal.

San Juan is a city of infinite enchantment. Here one finds bewildering, but delectable, labyrinths of narrow, canyonlike streets, over which jut old world balconies, latticed and mysterious, through which jangle up-to-date American trolley cars, shouldering aside the bullock carts of the natives. There is the great gray pile of the cathedral, which contains the ashes of Ponce de Leon, "first Adelantado of Florida, first Conquistador and governor of this island of Juan," and many another famous dead. There is the famous Casa Blanca, or Castle of Ponce de Leon, which he built, for himself, hundreds of years ago, on a point projecting out into the ocean, still complete and every bit as medieval as when he left to venture on his last quest for the "Fountain of Youth." There is the vast mass of the Cuartel de la Ballaja, the barracks erected for the Spanish garrison, a ponderous pile of masonry, three stories in height, covering, with its patio, a space of 77,000 square meters, and now housing the Porto Rican regiment of our army.

It is hopeless to try to enumerate the out-of-the-way attractions of San Juan, a city which is utterly unlike anything the stay-at-home American has ever seen. It is Europe—and yet it possesses an abundance of charms that European cities lack. It is Spanish, Moorish, tropical, and, above all, Caribbean. Just fancy a city, for instance, that is inclosed by walls, and to enter which you must pass through massive gateways—and an American city at that. But there is a modern side of San Juan, a very modern side. It has all the facilities of business and comfort to which Americans are used. Here are fine banks, office buildings, hotels, restaurants and clubs. And aft-

er one has seen San Juan there is the rest of Porto Rico to discover, every mile of it containing fascinating memories, new and absorbing.

Forty Rivers in the Island.
All travelers, as a matter of course, follow the route of the splendid Military road, most conspicuous monument left by the Spaniards, a highway 84 miles in length over the central mountain range from San Juan on the northern coast to Ponce on the southern coast. A line of motor vehicles traverses this highway. The only railroad on the island makes two-thirds of its circuit, and some day will be completed so as to link all of the principal towns, which are situated on the coast. The fare for the motor ride is eight dollars, and it gives a first-rate opportunity of seeing the inland vegetation of Porto Rico.

There are forty rivers in Porto Rico, not counting smaller streams, and its wellwatered soil is tremendously productive. On every land one sees sugar plantations, tobacco fields and coffee growing on a wholesale scale. Indeed, there is very little unoccupied land on the island. Even the poor people cling to their holdings, realizing the wealth and the benefits constantly accruing to them in the way of increased production from the educational efforts of the agriculture station at Mayaguez. The United States government, however, has set aside 65,000 acres in the rugged mountainous region of the east end section as a forest preserve. This tropical wilderness is densely clothed with verdure, bits of it having never been explored. It is said, and embraces in its extent the cloudclipped cone of El Yunque, previously alluded to. Ascents of this mountain are more difficult than might be supposed, owing to the virgin condition of its forests, but they are well worth while, especially if the day be clear. Upon such occasions one may view the entire island, and glimpse the neighboring islands of Culebra and Vieques. Another point of interest, for its magnificent view, is the Alifon pass, the summit of mountains crossed by the Military road. One pauses here for a few moments to view through the narrow gap the Caribbean on one hand and the Atlantic on the other.

Making Sleep a Business.
Eight hours' sleep, eight hours of work and eight hours of recreation is a good recipe for the average man and woman. This may vary more or less, according to strength, nerves and occupation. When you feel worn out, drop every other consideration and try to re-establish normal rest. Though the causes and needs of sleep are still somewhat of a mystery, we know that the activity of the brain cells is reduced. They are occupied in taking nourishment from the blood. Better results are had when the head rests low and the windows are wide open, giving plenty of oxygen to the lungs. This creates a new supply of energy for the waking and working hours.

Battle of Blenheim.
The Nibel river where it falls into the Danube is divided into several branches, with marshy ground between, and the French at the battle of Blenheim made it their left flank. The attack on the village had failed and Marlborough risked the crossing of this marshy stream, although the withering fire of the French artillery and the assaults moved down his men like corn. But he not only succeeded in getting his own infantry and cavalry across, but routed the enemy when he had done so. It is recorded that the river literally ran blood.

and the sculptor—a clever man, but rather fond of his glass—got drunk one day, and chiseled "Omer's whiskers on poor old Virgil's chin!" Then the bystanders gasped, and the guide went up with a bound in the general estimation.

Autos and Schools.
One farmer with a cheap automobile has more invested in that one piece of mechanism than the average rural community as a whole has in its school plant, and the owner of the auto frequently spends as much on the upkeep of his one car as the community spends for the total maintenance of the school, including the teacher's salary.—Exchange.

Sarcastic Married Man.
"Yes," said the bachelor, with the conscious pride of sacrifice, "I make a point of giving up certain pleasures during Lent." "Huh!" snorted the married man. "You bachelors have a cinch on that sort of thing. What are forty days to three hundred and sixty-five?"—Town Topics.

RETRIAL OF N. C. R. CASE

IS GRANTED BY FEDERAL COURT OF APPEALS BECAUSE JUDGE ERRED.

IMPRISONMENT IS ESTOPPED

Trial Court Reversed For Many Reasons—Decision May End Lengthy Litigation.

CHRONOLOGY OF CASE

February 22, 1912—Indicted.
November 19, 1913—Trial in district court began.
February 12, 1913—Verdict of guilty returned.
February 17, 1913—Judge Hoilister passed sentences.
July 13, 1913—Applications for writ of error made by the N. C. R. Co. and granted same day.
October 6, 1914—Argued before court of appeals, Judges W. R. Day and D. J. Cochran, of Kentucky, and Sanford, of Tennessee.
March 13, 1915—Lower court decision reversed and case remanded for new trial.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.
Cincinnati, O.—John H. Patterson, President of the National Cash Register Co., of Dayton, Ohio, and the 26 other present and former officials and sales managers of the company, who were convicted and given prison sentences in the local United States District Court 25 months ago on charges of violating criminal sections of the Sherman antitrust act, won a signal victory when United States District Judge Cochran, of Kentucky, who, with United States Supreme Court Justice William R. Day and District Judge Sanford, of Kentucky, heard the arguments in the appeal, handed down the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals reversing the lower court and remanding the case for a new trial.

Question of Retrial.

Whether the Government will retry Patterson and his associate defendants is not known. United States District Attorney McPherson, who directed the prosecution, stated that he had not opportunity to carefully go over the opinion of the Appellate Court, and until he does he will not make up his mind as to what recommendations he will make to the Department of Justice at Washington as to future proceedings. It will be for United States Attorney General Gregory to say, after receiving McPherson's recommendations, whether the Government will go to the expense of retrying the case. There is a possibility that McPherson and his associates will appeal to the United States Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari for a review of the case, particularly of the ruling of the Circuit Court of Appeals, which knocked out the two last counts of the indictment.

DEFICIT AT END OF JUNE

May Reach \$150,000,000, Fitzgerald Declares—Sale of Panama Bonds May Be Necessary.

Washington.—Alarm over the financial condition of the federal government is expressed by Representative Fitzgerald, of New York, Democratic chairman of the house committee on appropriations, and Representative Gillett, of Massachusetts, ranking Republican member, in official statements issued dealing with appropriations to the Sixty-third congress. As has been stated in the press, last congress was the most lavish in the history of the government, notwithstanding the earnest pledge of economy made by the Democratic party in its last national platform. Chairman Fitzgerald discusses the situation with about as much frankness as Gillett, and points out that the deficit at the end of the present fiscal year, June 30, is likely to reach \$150,000,000. On March 2 it was \$108,431,000, in round numbers, and increasing at the rate of \$5,000,000 a month. Fitzgerald anticipates a further deficit of about \$12,000,000 in the postal service, and this will bring the aggregate to \$150,000,000. The working capital of the government, or the available cash balance in the treasury, as it is called, will be wiped out totally in a few months, Fitzgerald fears, and will have to be replenished by funds raised from the sale of Panama canal bonds, or by the issue of one-year 3 per cent certificates of indebtedness.

STREET RAILWAY RETRENCHING

Memphis, Tenn.—Increasing patronage afforded jitney buses has caused a retrenchment on the part of the Memphis Street Car Co. President T. H. Tutwiler announced that because of decreased revenue and the depression of business conditions the shop force would be reduced and revision of schedules would be made commencing Monday, March 15. The shop and outside repair force will be reduced 30 per cent. A number of employees will be laid off.

MILITARY ATTACHE ARRESTED.

Peking.—The Chinese Government has lodged a protest with the German legation concerning the activities of Captain Rabe von Pappenheim, German military attaché at Peking, and has ordered his arrest. At the Russian legation it was said that Captain von Pappenheim, who went to Manchuria some time ago, ostensibly on a hunting expedition, in reality was endeavoring to incite the natives to cut the trans-Siberian railway.

Ireland's Patron Saint



On March 17, in or about the year 465, St. Patrick, consecrated bishop of Ireland, died at Saul, in County Down, Ireland, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Today, more than fourteen centuries later, his day is celebrated with reverence and with rejoicing throughout the English speaking world, for the Irish are everywhere, and nowhere now are they hanging men and women, too, for the wearing of the green.

IRELAND'S SAINT, AND HIS WORKS

Colleen Tells the Story of the Life and Labors of the Beloved Preacher Who Brought Christianity to the Beautiful Shores of the Green Isle.

BY A COLLEEN.

Erin's a spot famous for greenery. But we do not match with our scenery. We're not so green we can make hay with you.

—Modern Song.
Says the Colleen, "Ah, get away with you!"
AND is it green you're after thinking we are? Then turn your intelligent eyes upon us, for it's probably due to you that you have an intelligent eye to turn upon anything at all! A bit of the blues and a streak of yellow may make one kind of green—the green young thing that hops out of life at a halter's end, mayhap; or the pale green of envy in a foolish eye. But the sweet, restful green that nature painted the isle was never that kind of a color. 'Tis the bright, cool and happy shade of the leaves and growing things like the bit of a shamrock that best tell the story of it.

And the story of the shamrock and the story of Ireland are the story of Saint Patrick himself. Are you telling me you never heard it? More shame to you that don't know the praises of the greatest of saints.

Maybe you're one of them that thinks the blessed man was born in France—France, ohone! Heaven save the mark, 'twas in Dumbarton, called the rocks of Clyde, in what is now Scotland. His father and mother were Christians, after a fashion that is, and they were subject to the Roman influence, Scotland having been licked by the Caesar, which Ireland was not.

A lad of sixteen he was when they nabbed him and, turning the prow of the coracle down the Clyde, headed for a spot near the Giant's Causeway. Once landed it was not long before he was sold to Milchu, son of Hau Balin, who was king of Daloradia. His duty thereafter was none other than the tending of cattle in the valley of the Braid, not far from Broughshane. In that valley there is still a town called Ballypatrick or Patrick's Hollow.

Six years he slaved and planned, and then at the age of twenty-two he ran away. Away from Milchu and the cattle and down to the sea at Killala in the County Mayo, he went. A boat was ready to sail when he reached there—it was about two hundred miles from the valley of the Braid—but he had no money and the sailors refused to give him passage. Fearful of discovery, he went into the wood of Poclut, there to hide till he could get away safely, but the sailors' hearts became softened, and they sent after him and gave him free passage back to his home.

Home again after six years of bondage, you'd think he would settle down and be content, now wouldn't you. But no. Contrary to his wishes of his family he determined to go back to Ireland and be a missionary; and he began to prepare himself for it. Now for the time when most boys of his age were in school he had been away tending the cattle of his master, so it was small book-learning he had, and the task of preparing himself was a hard one, but he spent years in monastic schools and more than twenty of them had passed before he set sail to answer the "voice of the Irish" that he declared was calling to him.

So the blessed man went up and down the island leaving the broad track of light behind him. He gathered together the chiefs and their clans that had been warring among themselves and he made them into one solid body. For the Irish never do things by halves, and their love and chivalry responded to the appeal of the apostle of Erin.

Peaceful Conquest of Erin.
The surviving children are Alta, wife of E. Parmelee Prentice; Edith, who married Harold Fowler McCormick of Chicago, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

No need to tell him twice. From Connaught he traveled to the Lakes of Killarney, from the east to the west and from the north to the south, back and forth he went baptizing thousands. His last years were spent near Saul, advising and teaching those who were to take up his work and follow after him. And on the 17th of March, in the year 465, "he was translated to heaven." Much has been said about just where his grave is, but as long as we know that his ashes rest in the soil of Inisfail, what matter?

And today Erin's sons are scattered far and wide doing the world's work. Literature, science and art have drawn from the Irish resources, not to mention that hardworking team, "Mike and Pat," that keep body and soul together for half of the vaudeville performers—nothing is so easy to attempt as the Irish brogue. Maybe you've noticed that the undertone bits are rarer than the overdone ones? Professional humorists, bad manners in them, would become extinct entirely if the same pair were not handy to have smart answers tumbled out to the ends of their tongues. 'Tis not saying the Irish are not witty I am, but only so good-natured that the sins of the world are grafted graciously upon them.

Relics of St. Patrick.
There are many valuable and potent relics of St. Patrick. A humble family near Belfast treasures most carefully a curiously embossed silver case. In it is a piece of jawbone which once held five teeth. Two of these teeth were given to members of the family who migrated to America, and are, no doubt, somewhere treasured by those who make their home in the new world. Another of the teeth is deposited under the altar of a church at Darlington. The special virtue of this relic is most highly appreciated by families where a child is expected, and childless women pray before it for the gift of offspring.



JOHN D.'S WIFE DIES

MRS. ROCKEFELLER SUCCEUMBS SUDDENLY AT HOME AT PO-CANTICO HILLS.

HUSBAND AND SON ABSENT

Oil Magnate in Florida When End Came—Sister at Bedside—Wife of World's Richest Man Was Seventy-Six Years of Age.

New York, March 15.—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, wife of the richest man in the world, is dead. She passed away Friday morning at 10:20 at the Rockefeller home at Pocantico Hills, after an illness of several months. She was seventy-six years old last September.

Although Mrs. Rockefeller had been an invalid for many months, it is understood that her death came unexpectedly. Her husband and her son were at Ormond, Fla., and were advised that Mrs. Rockefeller had taken a critical turn for the worse. Mr. Rockefeller and his son immediately engaged a special train. Mrs. E. Parmelee Prentice, Mrs. E. Parmelee Prentice's daughter, and Miss Lucy Spelman, her sister, were the only immediate relatives present when she died.

Laura Celestia Spelman Rockefeller was born in Kadsorth, Ohio, of well-to-do New England parents, on September 9, 1839. She was her husband's junior by two months. As a child she lived in Wadsworth, in Burlington, Iowa. In Akron, Ohio, where her father, Harvey B. Spelman, achieved a competence in the dry goods business, and later in Cleveland. In the grammar school at Cleveland she met John Rockefeller, when they were fifteen years old.

Rockefeller was a country boy. She was the daughter of one of Cleveland's leading citizens. His home was a little farmhouse; hers, one of Cleveland's handsomest residences. Notwithstanding other differences, the awkward youth and the city girl had in common a love of study and simple tastes, and they became fast friends.

Young Rockefeller prospered beyond his fairest hopes. As soon as he felt that he could ask her to become his wife he did so. They were married September 8, 1864, the eve of her twenty-fifth birthday, and started to keep house in a little two-story brick residence on one of Cleveland's side streets. Upon her marriage she became a Baptist, and to her religion and her home she devoted her entire time.

The surviving children are Alta, wife of E. Parmelee Prentice; Edith, who married Harold Fowler McCormick of Chicago, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

U. S. MAN SLAIN IN MEXICO

J. B. McManus Murdered in Home at Mexico City by Zapatistas—U. S. Flag on House.

Washington, March 15.—President Wilson and his cabinet, in session on Friday, were informed of the assassination by Zapatistas in Mexico City of John B. McManus, an American citizen, of Chicago; that the American flag was ignored and insulted, and that the United States consular seal on the residence of McManus was violated when he was shot. The cabinet discussed the case at length. Later Bryan announced that the demand for punishment and indemnity would be insisted upon. The American demands were served by Brazilian Minister Cardozo directly upon General Salazar, the Zapata general in command of Mexico City.

Two thousand Mexicans stormed the national palace in the capital to secure the liberty of 250 priests said to be imprisoned. The effort failed, but it was followed by a riot in which Gustavo, the chief of police of Mexico, was stabbed. Two Mexicans were killed and at least twenty persons injured. It was said that when the Zapatistas had control of the city McManus had trouble, and when they attacked him in his home he killed three of them. After killing McManus the slayers are said to have looted the house.

173 DIE ON BRITISH CRUISER

Commander and 172 Others Go Down With the Bayonne—Torpedoed by German Submarine.

London, March 15.—The admiralty issued an official statement reporting the loss of the auxiliary cruiser Bayonne while on patrol duty. Evidence points to her having been torpedoed by a German submarine. But 27 of the Bayonne's crew of more than 200 were saved. Fourteen officers drowned, including the commander. The Bayonne was a steel twin screw steamer of 5,984 tons. She was built in Glasgow in 1913, was 416 feet long.

Threatened Strike is Averted.
Milwaukee, Wis., March 15.—The threatened brewery strike was prevented when the brewery owners and the workers signed a three-year contract, which calls for an increase in wages of \$2 per week.

General Joffre Thanks Woman.
Paris, March 15.—General Joffre, the French commander, has sent a letter to Mrs. Clara W. Lopp of New York, thanking her for the large supply of tobacco she gathered for distribution among the soldiers.

Rounding Up Night Riders.
Louisville, Ky., March 12.—A roundup of night riders in Hopkins county continues. Officers surprised six men indicted by the grand jury and landed them in jail without resistance. This makes 12 arrests on 35 indictments.

Horses Bring Big Money.
Chicago, March 12.—Horses sold in America to European nations at war, during the last five months of 1914, brought \$15,000,000, according to figures given out by Wayne Dinmore, secretary of the Percheron society.

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

His Guess.
Mrs. Bacon.—This paper says distinct traces of light have been detected in the ocean at depths of more than 3,000 feet by an English oceanographical expedition.
Mr. Bacon.—Some of those careless mermaids left the gas burning, I reckon.

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Look Younger! Try Grandma's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Adv.

The Way It Goes.
"Judging from the way that man talks, he must be fairly hard up. Do you suppose he's hungry?"
"Oh, no. He's been keeping six motor cars and has had to dispose of one. The man who's consoling him gets a salary of \$2,000 a year."

An Apt Student.
A young woman who came to Columbia to take her degree of doctor of philosophy, married her professor in the middle of her second year. When she announced her engagement one of her friends said:
"But, Edith, I thought you came up here to get your Ph. D."
"So I did," replied Edith, "but I had no idea I would get him so soon."

A Philosopher.
"Week before last," said the kind lady to the paralyzed beggar, "you got a dollar from me because you were deaf and dumb. Last week I gave you a quarter because you were blind, before I realized that you were the same man. Now you ask for money because you are paralyzed?"
"Yes, sir," said the beggar. "Them's the facts."

"Don't you think you'd do better if you chose one affliction and stuck to it?" asked the lady.
"No, ma'am," said the beggar. "They's nothin' so fatal to the full development of all one's natural powers as narrower specialization."—Judge.

CHILDREN SHOWED IT

Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning.

"A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness."
"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'"

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was not coffee, but a most healthful drink for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact."

"I was in despair and determined to give Postum a trial, following the directions carefully. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich delicious flavor."
"In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better month after month, until now I am healthy, and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to nerve-destroying coffee for any money."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.: Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.
Postum comes in two forms:
Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.
Instant Postum—Is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.
Both kinds are equally delicious and cost per cup about the same.
"There's a Reason" For Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

READY WITH AN EXPLANATION

Guide a Little Short on Ancient History, but Proved a Hard Man to Corner.

The unformed guide at an English provincial art gallery, deeply impressed a party of excursionists by the ease with which he reeled off the names of the bronze and marble busts.

This is Dante, and this is Lycurgus, and that one in the corner is Calligula," he explained. "The marble bust with the shaggy beard is Virgil—"

"Pardon me," an elderly bystander interrupted, "but you are giving our friends from the country misleading information. The gentleman with the beard is not Virgil, but Homer. This other one is Virgil."

The guide recognized that his reputation was at stake, and turned on the daring bystander.

"See here, Mr. Clever, you think you know it all, but you've backed the wrong horse this time," he retorted. "I was here when the busts were made,